

Fontainbleau.

A Song from that O P E R A.

Sung by Mr. Quick.

A Londres, I was taylor nice,
And work for Lor so gay,
He never beat me down my price,
But den he never pay;
From Lor I cou'd no money get,
My Draper wou'd not slay;
So, like mv Lor, I run in debt,
And den I run away.

Vid trick on card, I please my Lor,
He wonder how I do't.
And ladies, all, my skill adore,
Ven cock in glafs I shoot.
De British guinea I command
Mv pocket to recruit,
I shift it off by slight of hand,
Shift off by slight of foot.

Now here en France, I have no dread
For Lor to move my shear,
For here en France, dey cannot plead
De privilege of Peer.
Monsieur, if you employ a me
And prettv coat vou'd veer,
Your little tailleure here I be,
humble serviteur.